

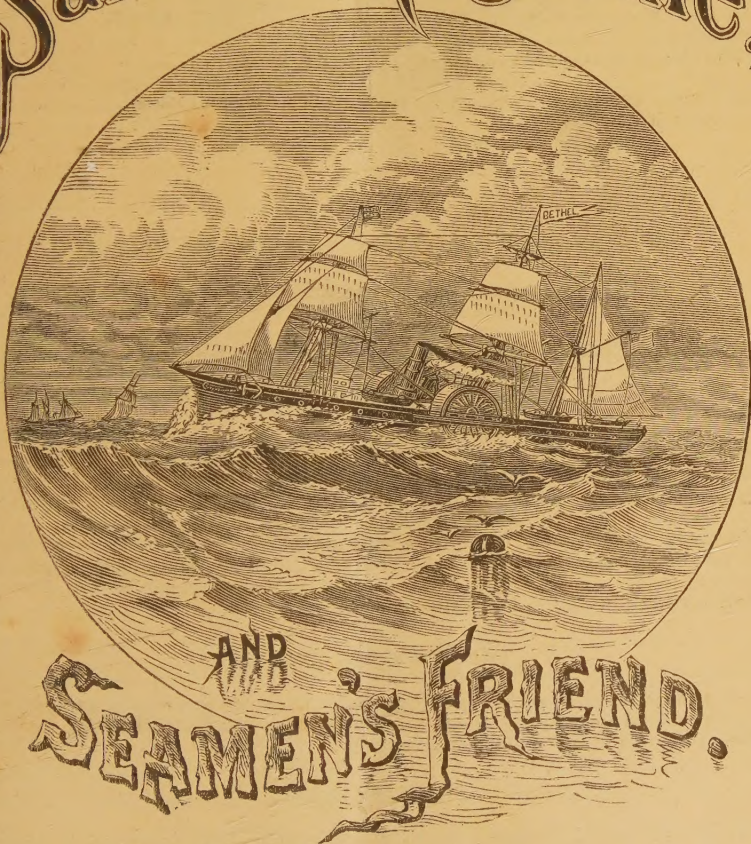
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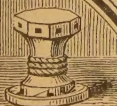
Sailors' Magazine,



AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 Wall Street, New York.

Terms: ONE DOLLAR per Annum, IN ADVANCE.



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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same*. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year*.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money *but always in a REGISTERED letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



Vol. 45.

JULY, 1873.

No. 7.

A PLEA FOR THE SAILOR:

A DISCOURSE PREACHED BEFORE THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, IN THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK, SABBATH EVENING MAY 11TH, 1873,

BY REV. W. M. TAYLOR, D. D.

(REQUESTED FOR PUBLICATION.)

"All the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise."—EZEKIEL 27. 9:

The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, on whose behalf I have been requested to appeal to you to-night, has been in existence for forty-five years, and seeks by various instrumentalities to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of our sailors, both in our own and in foreign ports. The details of its operations during the past year have been already given, so without occupying a single moment in statistical matters I shall proceed to set before you as briefly as possible, the claims which our sea-faring community have upon the sympathy and assistance of the christian church.

And here I place in the fore front of my plea, *the discomforts* to which all seamen are subjected; *the privations* which from the necessity of their occupation they must undergo; and *the dangers* to which they are exposed. Things are better now, than they were in the days when Samuel Johnson characterised a sailor's life as "*perpetual imprisonment with the chance of being drowned.*" Much, especially in very recent

times has been done in the way of securing physical comfort for our sailors. Yet after all that has been accomplished, an inspection of the forecastles even of our best appointed ships, will be enough to convince any one that our mariners are very far indeed from having those things, which we "who stay at home at ease," believe to be essential to our comfort. They are huddled together, often, in the smallest possible space, without any regard to light or ventilation. Their bunks are ranged along the sides of the ship like so many shelves in a book-case. Their food, though wholesome, is of the coarsest character. Their raiment, through the severity of the weather, is often wet upon them for days together; and to those who are familiar with their daily drudgery in the midst of all these discomforts, it has often been a marvel, that any men should be found willing to give themselves to such a life.

But the physical hardships to which they are exposed are small when compared with the social and religious privations to which they are subjected. They are withdrawn, for the time from the *influence of home*, and from the *enjoyment of domestic fellowship*. The refining and elevating power of a mother's presence, or a sister's companionship is unfelt by them, all the while they are at sea. They are removed from the sphere of woman's social influence, and thus they lose for the greater part of their lives, that atmosphere of purity and sweetness which every true woman sheds around her, and to which more than anything else outside of distinctively Christian agencies, the charm of society at home is due. In the old mining times of California and Australia, the rough lawlessness and rude coarseness of the gold diggers showed to what a degradation companies of men will sink, when they are unrestrained by the influence of woman's presence; and every man who cares to answer to himself with truth the question, how great his obligations have been to his mother, his sister, or his wife, will at once comprehend how much, in this aspect of the case, our sailors lose, from the very necessity of their occupation.

But more serious still is *the lack of religious privileges*, by which their life is accompanied. You know what the Sabbath and the sanctuary are to you. They are the rectifiers of the week. They bring you up face to face with God, and show you wherein during the working days that have preceeded you have done wrong. They lift you to a higher platform than that on which you had been standing, and they send you forward with new earnestness to live in God. But the sailor knows little or nothing of all this. For months together, except in circumstances of special privilege, he hears no call to social prayer; he listens to no sermon, he has no experience of public worship, properly so called. And if even with our high privilege in these things, our lives so "*trail upon the ground*," and our days are so filled with sin, we

need not wonder at the depths of depravity, to which he so often sinks. Then in addition to his discomforts and privations, let us take note of *the dangers* to which he is exposed. The perils of the sea have become proverbial. Not a year passes over our heads but multitudes of sailors have been swept into a watery grave, with no winding sheet but the white foam of the waves, and no requiem but the plaintive wail of the wintry wind. Every week, almost, we read of some terrible disaster on the deep. As we glance over the names of the lost, they may have little significance to us and may fail to move us greatly, but somewhere in the case of each, there is a mother weeping over the loss of her sailor boy, or a maiden mourning over a brother or a betrothed, or a widow surrounded with a ring of helpless orphans sorrowing for the absence of a husband and a father who shall come again no more. It is bad enough where these calamities occur in such circumstances as to make us trace them alone to the fury of the elements; but if it be true as some allege, that many of them are preventible and are due either to the incompetence of the officers in charge, or to the unprincipled mammonism of those who send unseaworthy vessels on a voyage well-insured just that they may make gain out of their total loss, we have no words strong enough wherewith to brand the villainy and murder of which they are guilty. At the present moment Great Britain is ringing with the simple recital made by a member of Parliament of the wrongs which have been done to sailors in this matter, and a Royal Commission will ere long ascertain how much of truth there is in the assertions which Mr. Plim-soll has made. But whatever may be the issue of that investigation, there is enough in the catalogue of unavoidable wrecks which every year produces, to convince any one of the peculiarly hazardous character of the sailor's life at sea. Nor does he escape danger when he reaches port. Indeed, it is there that his most serious peril begins. Greedy cormorants eager to plunder him of his hard earned gains are lying in wait for him on every hand; and in the streets of the city which he most frequents, traps are set for him of every description. His inexperience too makes him an easy dupe. He knows as little how to take care of himself on shore, as a landsman with his "soul abhorring all manner of meat," would know how to manage a vessel in a gale. Hence he falls an easy prey to the thief and the seducer. How easy, may be seen by any one who cares to investigate for himself the revolting mysteries of Cherry and Water streets. I can scarcely believe that the Christians of New York have any idea of the nightly orgies that are carried on in these quarters, else they would not tolerate the existence of such moral pest-houses in their city for a single hour. Could I take you with me by night to the top of some stately edifice, and like the spirit in the French tale, unroof for you the houses in these streets,

thereby laying bare for your inspection the abominable iniquities which are forever going on in them, some of which I have myself witnessed, and all of which have for their special purpose the ruin of our sailors, it were enough to ruffle up your spirits and make your hair to stand on end, and there would be begun among us such an outcry against these ante-chambers of hell, as would sweep them ultimately from the city. But so long as you are content to remain in the indifference of ignorance, so long will these ministers of Satan prey upon our sailors, by pandering to their lusts and ministering to their vices. Now if it be true that the patient, who is in the most imminent danger, should receive the surgeon's promptest attention, then surely the perils to which our seamen are exposed both afloat and on shore, ought to secure for them the earliest and most earnest efforts of Christian philanthropists. This would be true, even if we derived no personal advantages from the labours in the performance of which they run such risks; but how much stronger does their claim on us become when we take into consideration the fact that we are daily enjoying the fruits of their dangerous and exhaustive toil. There is hardly a fabric that we wear, or an article of food that we eat, for which we are not in some way indebted to the sailor; and ever as we use the comforts with which he supplies us we ought to feel impelled to do our utmost for his benefit. The popular Scotch song, makes the fisherman's wife speak of the herrings which she is selling as "*the lives of men*;" and Thomas Hood, in his stirring appeal for the poor seamstresses has said:

"O men with sisters dear
O men with mothers and wives
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives."

With equal truth we may allege, that the articles which our sailors bring us, are costing the lives of men; nay, in view of the fearful shipwrecks which our seamen make in part, in the dance-houses and drinking saloons which abound, may we not say that they are costing *the souls* of men as well? Shall we not hasten then to their rescue? In the days of the war after every battle, the Christian Commission pressed forward its agents for the relief of the wounded and the comfort of the dying; but here are men fighting a continuous battle with the winds and waves of ocean, and suffering deadly wounds at the hands of hardened criminals on shore, and shall it be said that we pass them by "on the other side?" Nay rather, let us press on to their succour and seek by wise legislation, and the impartial enforcement of laws already in existence to restrain the cruelty of their enemies, while at the same time we lead them to the Saviour of men, who alone can give them the firmness, the wisdom and the purity of true Christian manhood.

But I pass on to observe that *the relation in which our sailors stand to the commercial prosperity of the country constitutes another plea in their behalf.* They bring to this new land the surplus population of the old world; and they carry from our ports the surplus products of our boundless prairies. The whole of the imports and exports of the land are at some time or other beneath their care; and the responsibility of the lives of many thousands annually is on their heads. Now for such a position prudence, integrity, temperance and general reliability are imperatively required. In no class of men, unless perhaps in the kindred one of our railroad employees, is there more need for caution, self-control and unbending honesty than in that of seamen. Life and property are alike entrusted to their care, and it is consequently of the highest importance that they should be worthy of that trust. Now how shall they be made so but by the Gospel of Christ? Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is the germ of all true integrity of character. It develops fidelity; it stimulates intelligence; it strengthens resolution; it exalts daily life into a sacrifice to God, and stirs up the offerer to make it worthy of the altar upon which it is to be laid. When Mr. Spurgeon asked a servant girl what evidence she could give that she was converted, she replied, "*I sweep under the mats now;*" and it was as good evidence as could be given by any one, for it proved that she was doing even the most trivial things as in the sight of God. Now this type of character, which the Spirit of God produces in the believer is just what is required in the sailor. It is needed in every one indeed, but it is specially requisite in him, because for months together he is away from the observation of his fellow-men. Hence even those ship-owners who have no great regard for the Gospel themselves, will, other things being equal, prefer to employ christian sailors. Like Laban with Jacob, they "*learn by experience that God is with them;*" they can trust them out of their sight; they are sure that they will "*sweep under the mats!*" They know that they will act "*not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but with singleness of heart, fearing God.*" Now this Society aims in making all our sailors just such men, and in carrying out its grand design, to whom can it appeal for support more appropriately, than to those whose servants they are rendering by their efforts, much more valuable? Had I the ear of all the ship owners of this land, I would say to them, that a subscription to this and kindred associations, is in a very real sense an insuring their vessels, for the success of the agents of this Society, by improving the character of the sailors will materially diminish the risks which their ships encounter, and will stop up those dishonest little leaks through which so many of their profits so frequently disappear. There is nothing so expensive to a merchant or a city or a nation, as lack of principle in one who is largely trusted.

Hence by contributing to the formation of sterling integrity of character, the Gospel is intimately connected even with the pecuniary prosperity of men.

But it is not ship-owners alone who are affected by this view of the subject. In a community like ours, every branch of industry is affected by all the rest ; and it is not perhaps too much to say that its maritime position and facilities have made New York what it is to-day. To be convinced of this, we have but to imagine what our island would become, if for any length of time the shipping interest should collapse. Suppose that for some years our wharves should be entirely deserted and no vessels should either leave or enter our magnificent bay, is there a single interest in the city that would not be brought to the very verge of ruin by such a catastrophe ? No foreign commodities would then enrich our importers ; no western purchasers would then visit us to procure goods for the settlers in our new states and territories. No grain would be brought hither for shipment for other lands. The vast railways which converge on this great outlet of the continent would cease to enrich the capitalists who have constructed them ; the traffic would disappear from our streets ; the stream of commerce running into another channel would leave our city, and like Venice she would become interesting more as a memorial of the greatness of the past, than as the gate-way into a mighty continent, at which the merchandise of the east and the products of the west are exchanged for each other. We shall not err therefore, if we say, that the shipping interest is the root of our civic prosperity. And where would the shipping interest be without our sailors ? These, more perhaps than any other class, have built our avenues and streets. They have reared those magnificent buildings which are the pride and boast of the inhabitants. They have furnished the means by which the affluence of all merchants is sustained ; and the magnificence of our parks has been acquired. Or if one should say that this is an exaggeration, he must at least admit that all other industries together could not have made us what we are, had they not been sustained and supported by our shipping. Are we not then under special obligation to our seamen ? And how better can we pay the debt we owe them, than by striving in every way to promote their comfort and seek to bring them under the influence of the Gospel of Christ ? If they have given us carnal blessings, let us give them spiritual ; and then, by the great law of divine compensation, the result will be not only an increase in our own spiritual life, but also, a vast extension of our commercial prosperity.

I hasten, however, to remark that *the success which has already attended the efforts of those who have been working in this department of Christian and philanthropic effort* encourages us to make more strenu-

ous exertions in its behalf. Twelve months ago a great step in advance was gained by the passing of the new law for the protection of seamen; and though at present a most unprincipled combination has been formed for the purpose of making it a dead letter, the Christian portion of the community will surely rally round the noble man who is standing in the breach, and battling for the right. Demetrius and his craftsmen, could create a riot in the city of Ephesus, but they could not retard the onward flow of the tide of Christian truth. The wrong will not, cannot triumph long, for JEHOVAH reigns; and when the clamor of covetousness has been hushed, and the cruelty of grasping selfishness has been rebuked and punished, a new era will dawn upon our seamen, and they will cease to regard as their friends those who hold the drugged bottle to their lips, only that they may the more easily rob them of their wages.

Nor are tokens of success wanting in more purely spiritual departments. It used, indeed, to be considered almost hopeless to labor for the conversion of a sailor and I remember well a boatswain of the old school, who on being asked to call his men to a religious service made this reply: "*I'll do it, sir, but it's no use; you may as well try to whittle a marling spike with a penknife as attempt to teach these fellows religion.*" But it is not so. A sailor has a heart like other men; and the story of the cross, when simply told will thrill him, even as it does others. You have already heard that over eight hundred hopeful conversions at sea are reported as having occurred through the agency of the libraries which this Society has put into so many ships. Only a week or two ago a library which had been put on board Pilot boat No. 8, sailing from this port, was returned with a letter, from which I make the following extract: "The library has been a blessed companion of our many cruises at sea. It has, I believe, been the means, under the Holy Spirit's influence of converting men. It has awakened, directed, cheered and comforted many, and all of us have felt its power for good." And here is a record from the hand of a captain, himself the son of an honored minister of Boston, of what occurred on a memorable voyage:

Captain ROBERT C. ADAMS, of the *Golden Fleece*, writes of Library 2,369: "When we left Boston, the second mate and myself were the only christians. Half of the crew came on board intoxicated, and all hands were profane men. Services were held in the cabin, Sunday forenoon, at nine o'clock, the library was placed at the disposal of the men, and tracts frequently supplied to them. After five or six weeks I heard that a sailor was converted. Without a word of counsel in private from any one, God led him to feel his sinfulness and need of a Saviour, and to accept the free gift of salvation. He at once confessed Jesus to his shipmates, and from that day to the end of the voyage he never ceased to exhort them to flee from the wrath to come. Every night he read aloud from a Swedish prayer book, and when others tried to drown his voice with curses, he only shouted his prayers and praises the louder. At length all opposition ceased. Every man took the Bible in hand and thought seriously of his end. The first mate and two young men of the crew soon professed a change of heart. Some others seemed almost persuaded, but after a while lost much of their interest. There being so many christians on board, I felt it not only a privilege but a duty to commemorate our Saviour's death, and on the first Sunday of the month, when weather has permitted, we have met in the cabin and cel-

celebrated the redemption purchased for us, by partaking of the Lord's supper. On the homeward passage, in addition to the Sunday morning meeting, we have had a Bible class on Wednesday evening. Attendance on the services has never been compulsory; but usually all hands that could be spared from duty have attended.

I do not know of any more likely means of usefulness than the circulation of your libraries among seamen, and I am grateful for the privilege of carrying them.

Nor is this a solitary instance. The pastor of a prominent church in this city told me recently, that when he wants to have his own spirit revived, he goes down to a noted sailor's prayer-meeting conducted under the auspices of the Port Society. He affirms that he has never heard such prayers as those which are offered there, and that he considers the meeting one of the richest means of grace he has ever enjoyed. Nor can I refrain from adding that among the persons admitted to the fellowship of the church here a few months ago there was a young man who had run away from his German home to sea, and who had been awakened at a meeting in the Mariners' Church, at the corner of Catharine and Madison Streets. These are most encouraging facts; they show us that the attraction of the cross is as powerful among sailors as among others, and they bid us labor on, casting our bread upon the waters, in the full assurance that we shall find it after many days.

Once more, the bearing *which the conversion of our sailors would have upon the missionary cause, furnishes a very strong plea for this Society.* The missionaries whom we have sent to the heathen assure us that one of the greatest hindrances to their success is to be found in the wickedness of the representatives of so-called Christian countries who, for purposes of commerce, are settled beside them. While the church has been sending out her agents with the Bible, Satan has been sending forth his with the bottle, and as the heathen look on they say to the missionaries, "are these, then, the fruits of your Christian conversions. How much better should we be if we were to exchange the religion of our fathers, and yield ourselves up to drunkenness and lust as your fellow-countrymen seem to do." Who can tell how much injury has been done in this way, by the English population both military and civilian in India? or who may correctly estimate the evil which has resulted from the ungodly conduct of sailors and others, in foreign ports? Now by the christianization of our sailors one great source of trouble in this respect would be removed, for when a seaman is converted his conversion is *thorough*. He can be nothing by halves. Whatever he does, he does with his whole soul, and from the circumstances in which he is placed, his christianity, to preserve itself from destruction, must be aggressive. Some time ago when a friend was leading a prayer-meeting for sailors, a youth who had been recently converted, came up to him at the close, and laying a blank card on the table before him, asked if he would be kind enough to write on it a few words for him, alleging at the same time as his reason that he wished

it to be as plain as possible. "What shall I write?" said our friend. "Write this," was the answer: I LOVE JESUS, DO YOU? When he had finished the writing, my friend said, "now, tell me, what you are going to do with it?" Whereupon the young sailor rejoined, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I don't take a stand at once, that I may allow myself to be laughed out of my religion. So I am determined to take the first word with my ship-mates, and when I go on board I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail this card upon it that every one of them from the very beginning may know on whose side I am." That is the sort of christianity a man needs to have at sea, if he is to keep his christianity at all. But think you there is no power in the manifestation of such sterling principles upon others? I believe that life is often more blessed in the conversion of souls than *instruction*; and such a man in a ship will be sure by the help of God's Spirit to draw others to the Saviour. But if all our sailors were men of that type, would it be possible for them to visit any port without leaving behind them the evidences of their fidelity and love, in the conversion of multitudes. I think if the church were fully alive to her duty, she would regard our seamen as missionaries. At present, to far too great an extent, they are the missionaries of Satan, but if we could only secure their conversion, they would become as earnest in the service of Jesus, as too many of them are now in the service of sin, and so a sea-port like our own would become like Thessalonica of old, and it would be said of us that from us "sounded out the word of God in every quarter, and our faith to Gods word is spread abroad." Here, therefore is a home mission work which is in the truest and noblest sense, also a foreign missionary enterprise, and so it deserves the confidence and support of all who desire to obey the Saviour's command and preach the Gospel to every creature. Frequently the home and foreign fields have been set in opposition to each other; and when a man is appealed to for Africa, or India, or China, he is inclined to say, "why send your money to the ends of the earth, have we not heathenism at home in abundance," and so he excuses himself and gives nothing. I have no sympathy whatever with such feelings; nay I will go farther and say, that I have generally found that those who on such grounds refuse to do anything for foreign missions, do precious little for home missions either. But here is an association which makes an appeal to such as are interested in work at home, as well as to such as are desirous to strengthen the hands of our missionaries abroad. To the former it says, "we seek the good of the sailors who crowd our harbor, come and give us your assistance;" to the latter it says, "we seek by the conversion of our seamen to add just so many more to the missionary agents at work in foreign ports,—lend us your sympathy and aid." Thus the cause of the evangelization of our sea-

men is intimately connected with that of the conversion of the world. If but every vessel that sails from this vast commercial sea-port, were commanded and officered, and manned by earnest Christians, how soon might we not look for the fulfillment of the prophecy that "the earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Yea, when the millennial day shall dawn upon us, I doubt not, it will be found that Christian seamen have been among the most important agents in hastening its appearance.

But I may not conclude without saying a word or two on the fearful consequences which must result to ourselves if we decline to perform the duty which so peculiarly devolves upon us. Opportunity is the test of character, but it is also the measure of responsibility. What an opportunity is given to us in the matter of the evangelization of sailors. The flags of all nations flutter over the ships in our rivers. Men from almost every corner of the globe are brought to our feet by the stream of commerce, just that we may have the privilege of doing them good. Not for nothing we may be sure, has God given to us this preeminence. O the blessed privilege that is thus conferred upon us, to be followed by a glorious reward, if we but use it well. Oh! the heavy responsibility that is hereby laid upon us to be followed by terrible retribution if "we know not the day of our visitation." Where now are the great sea-ports of the past? You ask for Tarshish, and the antiquarian cannot with certainty even point you out its site; you ask for Tyre, and the hoarse murmur of the wave as it breaks on the rock where once that city stood is your only answer. The glory of Corinth with its twin harbors, one on either side of the Grecian isthmus, is forever gone. The ports of Rome,—Ostia and Puteoli—are no more. Are we to add another to the long catalogue of cities once illustrious, but now decayed because they did not recognize their opportunity while it lasted, or rise to the full height of their privilege while it was enjoyed? Shall it ever be said of this metropolis of the New World as it has been of many cities on European shores, "she perished because amid her wealth and luxury and sin, she took no note of the duties which her prosperity entailed upon her, and allowed the poor in her streets and the sailors in her harbor to live on in misery and sin, without making one effort to mitigate their sufferings or to save their souls. Behold now her house is left unto her desolate. Is this after all to be the end of it? Oh no! it must not be! Patriotism and piety unite in saying, it must not be! Rise to your privilege! Realize your opportunity, and seek by every means in your power to bring on the day, when righteousness shall run down our streets as a river, and when on the white wings of commerce as she speeds before the blast, men may behold the words that shine upon the mitre of the Jewish priest, "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

PILOTS AND PILOT LIFE.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A black line has been imperceptibly stealing over the track chart, marking from day to day the distances which our ship has run and her position on the ocean. On our ninth day out from Liverpool it has reached the south-eastern extremity of Long Island, and the captain brightens his passengers by the good news that within twenty-four hours they will be safely harbored in New York. A gay flag is hoisted to the foremast; coasting crafts and fishing-boats cross our path without noticing the signal, but in the evening a trim vessel strikes the horizon several miles to the south of us. And, as our sharp, iron prow cuts the deep blue waves, her white sails fill, and she swoops nearer and nearer towards us. Her course is not straight, but ours is; and as she describes a circle ever growing less like a bird descending, we steam ahead until she drops almost under our bow. A tiny boat is lowered from her davits, two men spring in and seize the oars, a third—the pilot—springs to the tiller, and then they come dancing over immense waves to our steamer, the engines of which had been stopped for the moment. A hardy, weather-beaten man crawls up a precarious rope-ladder, and a throng of passengers, steerage and cabin, who have gathered indiscriminately at the gangway to greet him, fall back to make a passage for him. "Good evening, pilot!" the captain cheerily cries. And in the same breath word is passed from officer to officer: "Turn ahead, full speed!" The yacht-like boat disappears behind us, the pilot is in charge of the ship until she is berthed in port, and the captain is relieved. Upon the new-comer we depend for guid-

ance over the shoals and through currents about the coast. While he is alert, we have no fear of breakers ahead.

Under such circumstances as these, thousands of passengers to and from Europe will be introduced to the brave and faithful pilots of the port and harbor of New York this summer. Little is known of their lives, but in the eyes of all, they have a romantic interest. On the outward voyage they do not leave us until land is faded from the view, and on the return they are the first to meet us, perhaps with news of the outbreak of a war, of a revolution, or of the loss of a noble vessel which gallantly sailed side by side with us from the rugged promontories of old Ireland. Where they occur in history they generally appear in a heroic light, leading the enemy's feet on to the rocks, and serving well their own flag; in fact, their occupation is suggestive of many qualities essentially heroic—skill, courage, and fidelity. Before receiving their licenses they are rigidly examined, and required to show familiarity with the sailing and management of square-rigged vessels, the tide, the soundings, bearings distances of the shoals and points of land, and with the light-houses on the coast. Good moral character and temperate habits are also insisted upon, but above all the pilot must have a strong arm, a quick eye, and a mind prompt in decision.

Formerly boys were indentured in this branch of the sailor's profession, but the legal form is not now used. Young men are taken on the boats, and after serving four years before the mast and passing the examination, are licensed. They are then qualified to take charge

of a vessel, but often wait from three to seven years for a vacancy. A reduction in the number of pilots in this harbor is contemplated, however, and those who are not fully acting at present have little hope of promotion. The competition is severe, as the service is virtually divided into factions. The Hell Gate pilots are appointed by the governor of the state, and are under the direction of a port-warden; but the Sandy Hook pilots to whom fall the great ocean steamers, are under the control of two Boards—one consisting of the Pilot Commissioners for the port of New York, and the other of Commissioners similarly appointed under the laws of New Jersey. The former has 22 pilot-boats and 145 acting pilots, and the latter about 5 boats and 45 pilots. These commissioners issue and revoke licences, and decide the fees chargeable to vessels piloted; but otherwise their powers are only supervisory. The boats are owned by the pilots themselves, who work them at a moderate profit.

They resemble yachts in the beauty of their build and the swiftness of their motions; indeed, several were in the past pleasure-boats, but much greater strength is required than would do for a smooth-water craft. They are of schooner-rig, measure about 75 feet in length, 21 feet beam, and have a draught of ten feet. The best of oak, copper-sheathed, is used in their construction. And remembering their size, their durability is astonishing as their speed, which is commonly 12 knots an hour. The cabins are neatly furnished and kept in a clean condition. A handsome new boat is worth about \$20,000, but some of those now on duty are not valued at more than \$8,000.

A pilot's cruising ground is not laid down by regulations. He is

free to rove as wide and as far as suits him, with only one limitation. Every boat leaves the city with six pilots on board, and sometimes she sails constantly on south or east, leaving a man with every vessel coming into port until only her crew are left. The New York boats frequently get as far east as the longitude of Halifax, and are tossing lightly upon the waves for from ten to thirty days; but perhaps she may dispose of all her pilots in a day or two, in which case she returns at once, the general rule being that she shall only stay at sea until her men are distributed. The Sandy Hook pilots cruise south as well as east, but prefer the latter route, as they then escape pest-ships, and getting on board one of the European steamers are luxuriantly fed and quartered.

The boats are stationed at Sandy Hook, alternately, for four days each, to receive pilots from outward-bound vessels. In stormy weather this is a dangerous post, and the men's courage and proficiency are put to a hard test. Five times last winter ocean steamers carried their pilots on compulsory voyages to Europe, the station boat being unable to reach them on account of high seas running. Adventure and peril constantly surround the pilot. When he is out upon the ocean in the track of the immense iron vessels which are ever passing and re-passing, a blinding mist may suddenly come upon him, and in the accompanying calm his own craft lies still. Any moment one of the steamers may run into him, but he can only wait in suspense, as no precautions within his reach would avail. In the last twenty-five years thirty boats have been lost, including seven that went down with all hands. But while dangers beset him at times,

in his snug and staunch little vessel, he is enabled to aid others in distress.

One dark January night in 1867, when the wind was blowing furiously and the thermometer had fallen 7° below zero, the steamer *Mary A. Boardman* went ashore on Romer's Shoals, one mile outside Sandy Hook, and her signals of distress attracted the station boat. A gig was launched, and the pilots pulled towards the wreck and took off as many persons as their boat would hold. Having placed these on their larger vessel, they once more pulled through the maddened sea to the steamer and again and again brought away with them several precious lives, until all were saved. Within two hours afterwards the *Mary A. Boardman* fell to pieces and disappeared beneath the waves. Watchful of strangers the pilots do not neglect their own, but support two benevolent organizations for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members. It may be added that where casualty does not interfere the pilots are long-lived, healthy and stalwart. People who have business with the shipping will recall old James Britton, who is seventy-six years of age, but is so perfect in all his faculties that the most valuable vessels are intrusted to him almost daily. For fifty-five years he has been a pilot in active service, and in all weathers, and in the teeth of many a gale he has brought his ships safely into port.

In a profession of this kind where men of striking qualities are essential, it might be supposed that the remuneration would be liberal; but we know that such virtues as bravery and vigilance have no great pecuniary value in the labor market. Compared with the wages of seamen the amounts received by the pilots may be accounted fair,

but they are small in view of the hazards and hardships that are taken. The crew of a boat (nominally apprentices) are paid \$25, and the captain \$50 a month. As we have said the five or six pilots who start with the boat on her cruise usually have equally divided shares in her ownership, and their earnings are shared proportionately. From April to November the rates of pilotage for vessels bound inward ranges from \$3.75 to \$6.50 for every foot of water she draws, and for vessels bound outward from \$2.75 to \$4.75 per foot. From November to April a gross sum of four dollars is added to this. An ocean steamer will draw about twenty-three feet of water, and the cost to the owners of bringing her into harbor is \$153.50. There are many smaller fees, however, which increase this sum materially. The Commissioners are empowered to collect three per cent of the receipts for their expenses, and an old pilot informed the writer that the owners of the boat do not earn more than \$1,800 a year each. A word in conclusion. New York harbor has wider and deeper channels than Liverpool, and none of the dangerous rocks that bind the approaches to Queenstown and Halifax. Fortunate in this respect, we nevertheless have a pilot service constituted of intelligent, fearless, and proficient men, more than equal to any emergency that can arise.—*Hearth and Home.*

Marvels of the Deep Sea.

The London *Times*, reviewing Dr. Wyville Thomson's account of the dredging cruises of her Majesty's ships *Porcupine* and *Lightning* during the summers of 1868, 1869 and 1870, summarizes as follows:

The nether darkness, so far

from being a lifeless waste, teems almost everywhere with creatures not only more fantastic, but larger, than their shallow-water cousins; and the paddler about the rock-pools and tide-sands at watering-places will learn from this book that far away at sea, over that one hundred fathom line to the westward which marks the ancient shore of the European continent, are found sea monsters far bigger, as well as far uglier and far more beautiful than were ever transferred to an aquarium; that, to give two instances, the Caprella, "the phantomshrimp," which may be found on sea-weed, sitting upright like a monkey, holding on by its hind claws, and, with ghastly grimaces, mesmerizing all passers-by with his fore claws, sits in like guise upon sponges a mile or two deep in the darkness—there, however, not a quarter of an inch, but three inches long; and that the Nymphs—sea-spiders who crawl out from under stones, and who, having no body to speak of, carry their stomach, for economy of space, packed in long branches up the inside of each leg—are found in the depths of the Arctic Sea, not, as here, half an inch, but two feet in diameter.

It is impossible to give even a sketch of the zoological treasures which have been brought to light by these cruises of the *Lightning* and *Porcupine*, not forgetting those of the Swedish naturalists and of the yacht *Nona*, whose owner Mr. Marshall Hall, we hope may be emulated by other yachtsmen.—Among their discoveries are true worms, sea-urchins, star fish, including the magnificent and novel Brimiga, worthily named after the goddess of Freya's favorite jewel, Orinoids ("stalked flowers of living stone"), corals, and above all sponges of forms either new or till now known only as fossil or,

strangely enough, as inhabitants of shallow-water. But the strangest, as well as the most beautiful, inhabitants of the deep-sea ooze are the glassy sponges, in which the skeleton is composed, not of horny fibres, as in the sponges of our dressing-rooms, but of flexible flint, often more delicate than the finest spun glass. The best known of these is the Venus's flower-basket, or Euplectella, which lives imbedded in the mud of the seas of the Phillippines, supported by a glass frill "standing up round it like a Queen Elizabeth's ruff." Twenty years ago there was but one known specimen in Europe. It may be now bought for 30s., or less, in any curiosity shop; and it is strange that this—one of the most exquisite, both in form and texture, of all natural objects—is not oftener seen, even already, as a drawing-room ornament. Equally curious, even more puzzling in its construction, is the glass-rope sponge, or Hyalonema, which roots itself in the mud by a twisted wisp or strong flint needles, somewhat on the principle of a screw-pile. So strange and complicated is its structure that learned men for a long while could literally make neither head nor tail of it, as long as they had only Japanese specimens to study. Which was top and which bottom, which the thing itself, and which parasites growing on it; whether it was a sponge, or a zoophyte, or something else, could not be settled, and is in some men's minds scarcely settled now. But the discovery of the same, or a closely allied species, in abundance from the Butt of the Lewis down to Setubal, on the coast of Portugal, where the shark fishermen call it "sea-whip," has given our savans specimens enough on which to make up their minds, and has added another form to the list of those common, strangely enough,

to our seas and to those of Japan. Scarcely less beautiful and strange are the *Holtenias* and their cognate forms—hollow sponges built up of glassy spicules, and rooted in the mud by glass hairs, in some cases between two and three feet long, as flexible and graceful as tresses of snow-white silk.

Ocean Pathways.

PLAN TO AVERT COLLISIONS BETWEEN TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS AND SAILING CRAFT.

Eleven steamship lines use the same path, with nearly the same degrees of latitude and longitude, between the old world and the new, and it is seldom that a steamer crossing the Atlantic is not within a few miles of another vessel bound in the same or in a precisely opposite direction. The number of craft plying this path is increasing almost daily; their proximity to one another is consequently more marked, and that collisions are not more frequent is the result of chance. From the masthead of each steamer a watch is supposed to be kept, and in foggy weather the whistle is sounded about every 15 seconds; but when a vessel is rolling heavily it is almost impossible to see the lights of another steamship at night time, and, except when off a dangerous coast, the engines are continued at full speed. It is strange therefore that so few disasters like that in which the United States mail steamer *Arctic* ran into another steamer, in October, 1851, and went down, occur at the present time. A code regulating the passages is believed by some persons, however, to be absolutely necessary. The interest in the matter has been renewed from the fact that a company running four steamships a week between this city, Boston, and Liv-

erpool, has adopted a plan known as the "lane route," proposed as long ago as 1855, by Prof. M. F. Maury.

This contemplates the designation of one strip of ocean through which vessels bound east shall pass and another for those bound west. It is claimed that thereby not only will the liability of collision between steamer and steamer be lessened, but that a new resource will be afforded to those in distress on the high seas. Fogs and calms often occur together, and ships moved by canvas are not likely to run into one another, but they are placed in peril by the steamers. It is added that if the masters knew the track of the steamships they would keep carefully out of it, and that the more sailing vessels will agree to keep out of the lanes, the more it will concern steamers to keep in them.

The part of the ocean traversed by the steamship lines in their voyages is about 150 or 200 miles broad, and it is proposed in the new plan to mark out a lane from this 15 or 25 miles broad, which will at least reduce the present risks. It is further claimed that the lane to the west will be 30 miles shorter than the route generally taken, and some delays from fogs will be avoided, as it passes 100 miles south of Cape Race. Another advantage claimed for the lane system is that one way it lies along the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, where there is an eddy setting westward often at the rate of a knot an hour. The close of the argument in favor of the system is that the distance from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook will be practically shortened 30 miles, and that, while it prolongs the distance to Europe 75 miles, compensation will be found in the greater security and the advantages of the Gulf Stream and fewer fogs.—*Tribune*.

Home for Apprentices in Liverpool.

When visiting Liverpool in the spring of 1870, we became acquainted with one of the merchants of that city, Alexander Balfour, Esq., who had been expending about \$25,000 to fit up a Home for the young lads attached to his ships as apprentices. The firm to which this gentleman belonged was extensively engaged in the South American trade, having a branch of their house in Valparaiso, and another in San Francisco. He had spent several years in the former city but had returned to Liverpool. The Home is situated at 151 Duke street, and is fitted up in the most commodious and comely style for the lodging and boarding of their apprentice lads while in port. About fifty can by comfortably accommodated. It required a great outlay of funds and much perseverance to bring forward this "Home" to a successful issue. A short time since we received a letter from Mr. Balfour, from which we copy as follows: "When you visited us in Liverpool, you gave us much needed strengthening, respecting our Home for Apprentices we had recently organized. It was intended for boys and seamen in our own employ, but we had too few apprentices of our own to occupy the rooms we had provided, and we could not receive seamen unless after having served a year. We were thus *compelled* to open our doors to all respectable boys sailing from Liverpool, and the attendance has since then steadily risen until it has sometimes got to a point which has stretched our accommodations to the utmost. We have had upwards of 50 boys in the Home at one time."

Words fail us to express our admiration for this excellent enter-

prise. Mr. Legge the superintendent of this Home, will be remembered by some in Honolulu, as he was once attached to a British man-of-war visiting this port. No better man could be found for the Home. Would that all merchants and ship owners in Liverpool, London, New York, Boston, Valparaiso and San Francisco felt a similar interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the boys and seamen attached to their ships. Not only is Mr. Balfour interested in this enterprise, but we notice that he is a most liberal contributor to aid forward the evangelization of Chili under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso.—*Honolulu Friend*.

Life-Saving on the Coast.

The work of improving and extending the life-saving stations on the United States coast is proceeding favorably, and it is expected that this branch of the Revenue Marine will soon compare with the coastguard system of Great Britain. Capt. Faunce, the inspector, returned to this city a few days ago, after a survey of the coast from Cape Henry to Key West, and Mr. Kimball, Chief of the Revenue Marine Bureau, is in command of another party which is now surveying the coast from the Rio Grande to Key West. It is proposed to extend these surveys to the Lake and Pacific coasts. As a result of that just made, Capt. Faunce will recommend that stations be established at Cape Hatteras, Cape Lookout, Frying Pan, Caernarvon, and Jewster. Sites have also been selected for stations at Cape Henry, Dan Neck Mills, False Cape, Jones Hill, Cassery's Inlet, Kitty Hawk Beach, Nags Head, Body Island (north end), Chickamaconic Beach, and Kinnekeet. Each of these

stations will have one keeper and six men, and will be furnished according to a new schedule. The boat generally used is of wood, and has successfully withstood very severe tests.

About a year ago Congress authorized life-saving stations on the Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island coasts. Nine were built and manned at the following points around Cape Cod: Race Point, Peaked Hill Bar, Highlands, Parmer River, Cahoon's Hollow, Nansett, Orleans, Chatham and Monomoy. Another station was established at the south-west point of Block Island. During the past two years the old stations have been rebuilt, or thoroughly overhauled. Altogether, there are now eighty-two of these stations.

It was found impracticable to erect stations for the protection of the Florida reefs, from Cape Florida to Tortugas; but it is urged that the lighthouses along the reef should be provided with self-righting and self-bailing life-boats. On the Gulf coast, from Key West around the Rio Grande, life-saving stations are not deemed necessary. The surroundings are so regular and the shoal water extends so evenly, that the sea is never high enough to break up stranded vessels. The crews, therefore, are never in immediate danger, except during hurricanes, when a life-boat or other apparatus would be useless. A life-saving station was formerly placed at Galveston, but it was never used, and during the war was destroyed. It is stated, however, that if a revenue steamer were stationed there she might do important service for vessels wrecked upon the Galveston bar, in addition to her legitimate duties.

—*Tribune.*

“No Spirits on Board.”

Captain Hamilton, R. N., who may be regarded as an impartial observer, having had occasion to take his passage some years since from the Cape to Rio on board a merchant ship in which no spirits were allowed, says,—“We had severe weather off the Cape, but no spirits were issued; the crew was very cheerful and well-conducted, and the master was an abstemious, good man, and a thorough sailor. Some of the crew had been men-of-war's men, and one had deserted from the navy. I spoke much to these men: they said they were well paid, well fed, and had a decent captain, and did not wish for spirits. They said they all liked their glass as well as others, but preferred good wages on the whole. *I felt secure and comfortable on board that vessel on account of there being no spirits.* It was on this occasion that I was particularly struck with the advantage of a ship's sailing without spirits on board; and from that time I have considered it as idle to say that seamen are necessarily happier or more contented from being supplied with grog.” An opportunity afterwards occurred for Capt. Hamilton to try the experiment on board his own ship, the *Frolic*; for being on the coast of California, where no spirits could be purchased except such as were of very bad quality, he asked the men whether they would object to go without them, and they readily agreed to the arrangement. After the first few days, he says, they seemed to forget all about it. They were nearly three months without spirits; and during that time the men were quite as healthy and happy as usual, or rather more so; and a considerable improvement took place in their conduct.

Sailors' Testimony.

Two sailors of the name of Ladd and Maddick, writing from Swansea, say: “We have been sailing on the temperance principle these two years, though we have not all signed the pledge so long. We have had all sorts of weather—wind, rain, snow, sleet, and various storms, but never found one man to fail in any duty which we had to perform. Our beverage is coffee or tea, which, thanks to our captain, we use as much as we please.—*Scottish Temperance Journal.*”

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

The Angels of the Arctic.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

Within the Arctic's outmost floe,
Is a vast archipelago;
Enshrouded in a night profound,
Beyond all human sight, or sound,
Weird frigid wonders ever spread
Through all that circle of the dead.

Since God spake light to being there,
Angels still hover in the air;
When from the void earth upward sprang,
These morning stars together sang;
Shouting for joy from pole to pole,
Ere man was made a living soul.

Hark! what hoarse moans of surging waves
Break from the throats of polar caves!
Hark! what black winds, in blacker clouds,
Wrap the cold bergs in funeral shrouds!
See! the drenched wings of morning fly
Drooping along the weary sky!
See! flickering low the fading stars,
Like lamps in distant prison bars!
What voids of formless darkness brood
All round these wastes of solitude!
Yet over all, from shore to shore,
Bright spirits wing forevermore.
They hailed creation at its birth;
They sang the matin song of earth;
And as the dawn of light began,
They saw it long before proud man.
The polar world is all to them
A jewel in God's diadem;
Through all their circumambient sphere,
Chanting what mortals never hear;
Shouting to Arctic hill and plain,
"God never made a world in vain!"

Above the floods, whose torrents sweep
Their vortex through the shivering deep;
Where igneous gulfs, now fast, now slow,
In huge alembics ever glow,
And with volcanic tongues proclaim
An inner world of fire and flame,
With jets of heat, through streams set free,
Warm all the mystic Polar Sea—
There, in this sepulchre of breath,
God's angels triumph over death!
Where Baffin bravely ploughed his way
Along the shores that form his Bay;
Where Hudson, through the desert pack,
To commerce gave his wider track;
Where Parry passed the thundering floes;
Where Franklin slept among the snows;
Where Kane lay wrapped in folds of night;
Where Hays groped through the misty light;
Where Hall, just by his narrow Strait,
Died near the Arctic's open gate;
There, pointing to the rising sun,
Angels shall hail the passage won;
With brave discovery's skillful hand
Steer onward to the unknown land.

By God's behest supremely bold,
Impervious to heat, or cold,
To hunger, thirst, or pain, or dying,
Forever in His presence flying,
Through the Aurora of the North,
On viewless pinions soaring forth,
All through the void and open space,
Commissioned to the human race!
Born of ethereal beauty—crowned
Invisible, with halos bound—
High upward in their flight sublime,
Above the reach of space, or time;
Hidden in darkness, yet revealed
To kindred of the Arctic field;
Sweeping around the polar wave,
To cheer drowned valor through the grave;
Swift messengers to every zone
From great Jehovah's boundless throne!

The Arctic News.**DEATH OF THE BRAVE CAPTAIN
HALL OF THE POLARIS.**

A sad tale of suffering, disaster and disappointment has reached us. It appears that the *Polaris* Expedition to the North Pole has failed, and Captain Hall, the brave leader of the expedition, is dead. The way in which this piece of intelligence has been brought down to civilization from the neighborhood of the North Pole is as remarkable as the intelligence itself. It appears that on the 15th of October last, in latitude 77 degrees 35 minutes, a party of nineteen left the *Polaris* to put some provisions on an ice-floe, because the vessel appeared in a dangerous condition. This party consisted of the following persons:

1. H. C. Tyson, Assistant Navigator.
2. Frederick Meyer, Meteorologist.
3. John Heron, steward.
4. W. C. Kruger, seaman.
5. Fred. Jamka, seaman.
6. William Windeman, seaman.
7. Fred. Auting, seaman.
8. Gustavus T. Linguist seaman.
9. Peter Johnson, seaman.
10. William Jackson, cook.
11. Esquimaux Joe, interpreter.
- 12-13. Hannah and child, Esquimaux.
14. Hans Christian (of Kane's expedition).

15-19, Hans Christian's wife and four children (youngest only eight months old).

At the time this party went upon the ice from the *Polaris*, the vessel was apparently safely moored. But a sudden storm came on, and, to the amazement and dismay of the party, the vessel broke her fastenings, and was soon lost sight of in the storm and darkness. When last seen she was under steam and canvass, and was, apparently, trying to make for some harbor on the east side of Northumberland Island. She had then no boats left of the six which had been brought from the port of New York. Two

were lost in a Northern expedition, two were landed on the ice with Captain Tyson's party, one was burned as firewood to melt ice for drinking water.

At the time the *Polaris* parted from the ice-floe she was in command of Captain Buddington. Captain Hall having died of apoplexy, November 8th, 1871, in latitude 61.44.

Captain Buddington had with him a crew of thirteen men, and plenty of provisions; but the ship was in a most dangerous and leaky condition. Her bow was damaged and it is the opinion of the survivors that they cannot get clear until July; and even the condition of the ship will be such as to oblige them to build boats for the purpose of effecting their escape.

When the vessel parted, and was lost sight of, the condition of the nineteen persons upon the iceberg was the most appalling that can be conceived. They attempted to get to the shore, but the progress of their heavily-laden boats was so difficult that they were obliged to return to the floe. At this time they had 14 cans of pemican, 11½ bags of bread, 10 dozen one and two pound cans of meat and soup, 14 hams, 1 bag of chocolate, some musk ox skins, a few blankets, and a number of rifles, with abundant ammunition. The ice broke away from the shore ice during the night of the 1st November, and in the morning they found themselves drifting to the northward, and they saw no more land, and had terrible weather during the whole of the month of November. They built snow houses, and made themselves as comfortable as possible. They killed seals, which furnished them with light and fuel with which to warm their scanty allowance of food through the darkness of the arctic winter.

In the latter part of February they lived principally on birds; and in March commenced to catch seals. Through that month they supported themselves entirely on bear and seal flesh. On the 4th of April a heavy northeast gale set in, which caused the sea to break the ice into small pieces, so that they were now reduced to a most dangerous condition, and were reduced almost to starvation. At length, on the 30th of April, when they had almost abandoned themselves to despair, the steamer *Tigress*, Captain Bartlett, accidentally struck the floe in the midst of a dense fog, in latitude 53.35 North, and longitude 55 West (near Wolf Island), and about forty miles from land.

The expedition of the *Polaris* was fitted out in 1871 at great expense, and under the personal supervision of the officials at the Washington Navy Yard. At the time of the departure of the *Polaris*, her fate was predicted by experienced navigators, who had carefully studied the proposed routes, and who pronounced the passage undertaken by Captain Hall as one likely to entail a waste of time and money, and probably a waste of life.

Captain Hall was a well-meaning, enthusiastic, energetic man; but totally devoid of nautical experience. He was born in Cincinnati, in 1825; and in early life worked as a blacksmith. In 1850 he was connected with the daily press in Cincinnati, and was for some years a successful journalist. He was deeply interested in Dr. Kane's two expeditions to the Arctic regions, as well as the various searches of Sir John Franklin; and having devoted much time and study to the subject of Polar expeditions, he formed a theory that there was an open Polar sea, which

he felt it was perfectly possible to reach by crossing its ice-bound edges on sledges. Finally, having pertinaciously pressed his views upon Congress, an appropriation of \$50,000 was granted to him for the purpose of practically testing his theories, and the *Polaris* expedition was the result. The Secretary of the Navy is about to dispatch the U. S. ship *Junata* to search for the missing vessel in the Arctic regions. He also proposes to organize an expedition, composed of the best naval officers, to go on the same errand.

**"I have long tried to be Religious,
but cannot."**

BY REV. ALEXANDER PITT.

So said a sea Captain to the writer. "Four years ago," he added, "I resolved I would be a christian; but I honestly confess to you, I am a worse man to-day than when I first began." "Yes," I replied, "and at the end of four years more of such trying you will be worse still." "Then," said he, "there is no use in trying to be good?" I said, "No not on the track you are now pursuing.—" "Then," he asked, "what am I to do in order to get right?" I replied, "There is nothing to do, but a great deal to receive. Suppose a beggar came to my door, hungry, and ragged, and I offered him a purse with £10,000, what would he have to do in order to change his position from want to affluence?" He replied, "Take what you offered him" "Just so," I said, "with the Gospel, which, finding us poor, wretched, miserable, blind and naked, offers us, as a free gift, durable riches and righteousness, in the person and work of the Lord Jesus, who obeyed perfectly the law of God which we had all broken—'bare our sins in his own

body on the cross,' and, as our representative, and in our room and stead, endured all the penalties we deserved. With his dying breath he said, 'it is finished!'—meaning the debt was all paid, our ransom complete; in proof of which, God raised him from the dead on the third day. The first step heavenward you have to take is, to trust that atonement as enough, all sufficient, without one good work preceding, or any other recommendation than your sense of ruin and deserved condemnation.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

"'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Not will have, but *hath* life—the moment he believes. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"You preachers," said he, "tell us to come to Jesus, but don't explain what it means. I have had a good education; and studied much, but I really don't understand what that oft-repeated, but very difficult, invitation means." I replied, "Coming to Jesus is, just on this spot, where you sit, submitting to be saved on Christ's terms, freely, just as you are, deserving ruin, and utterly unable to do one good thing to recommended you to God's favor. The truth to be believed is, that Christ has done all that was demanded by God's justice, while your trying to add something to it is in effect telling Christ you don't think his atonement sufficient. Though you were as black as sin, the devil, and your own evil heart could make you, his blood, rested solely upon, will make you as white and pure as that God's omniscient eyes cannot see a spot upon your soul."

He asked, "What is it to believe on Jesus Christ? I have believed on Christ all my life, but I am not

saved. I belong to a good family, have read many books on religion, heard lots of sermons, but am still very unhapy." I replied, "You have never believed the right thing about Christ—never received Christ as a full, complete salvation; for God's word assures salvation to faith." He said, "I believe that Christ died to save sinners; that he was buried, and rose again; in fact all that the Bible says about him." I replied, "So do the devils believe the whole history of Christ, as recorded in God's word, and a great deal more than is written, for they were present on the scenes of his ministry, and doubtless remember all that occurred." "What, then," he asked, "is it that we are to believe about Christ, that devils don't believe?" I replied "The gospel proclamation demands that I believe God loves me,—the devil cannot believe he loves him; that Christ bare my sins in his own body on the tree, and the wrath of God due to them,—the devil cannot believe that he bare his sins; and it requires me to believe that what Christ did—trusted to, and relied upon—is enough to save my soul, and to secure me a title to heaven. The devil cannot believe Christ's work enough to save him." He said, "I see that clearly, as I never did before; the chief thing then, seems to be faith. What is faith?" I replied, "You know what a £50 bank note is?" "Yes." "Well, that £50 bank note nothing in itself but a piece of common paper, common type and ink, and worth no more than any other piece of paper, except for the material solid cash it represents, and that it is the bond of the bank whose name it bears to honor its presentation with 50 sovereigns, current coin of the realm. Such is God's promise of pardon, peace, and salvation to

faith. As printed in the Bible, it is common paper, type and ink, but differing from, and infinitely valuable above all other printed promises of man's making, in that it is God's bond to honor its presentation to him in full reliance on Christ's merits, with the full bestowal of all grace, goodness and glory, as treasured up in Christ Jesus. Men never doubt Bank of England notes being honored, however many or massive the amounts they represent. We receive the witness of men, though banks might break, the fires might burn, or thieves steal; but the witness of God is greater; 'for this is the witness of God, which he hath testified of his Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; and he that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave to his Son. And this is the record, that God *hath* given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.' 1 John v. 9-11. 'Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' Brother, yield to Christ on this spot; God's hand of mercy proffers you pardon—only believe him." He said, "I see it all clearly now, and understand, as I never did before, that Christ has done it all for me, and I have been trying to add something of my own to it; and that faith is taking God at his word. No one doubts bank notes, why should I not honor God's promise with as great or even greater confidence than banks and their promises? And do you mean to say," he asked, "that in my trusting Christ's work as enough to save me, I am saved now, and that were I to die to-night I should go to heaven?" I replied, "I don't *mean* to say so, but on God's authority do assure you, that, receiving

Christ on this spot as your all, you cannot be lost; the Holy Spirit has shown you your sad condition and helplessness, and now reveals to you Christ as the Saviour. To your felt need Christ guarantees eternal life, and heaven hereafter. 'I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' All your sins now Christ blots out. He, his righteousness, and justification become yours; as a child of God, you are an heir of heaven; and should you die this day, like the thief penitent and pardoned on the cross, before you had time to do one good work, you have a right to appropriate the assurance with which Christ answered his prayer, as your own consolation; 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Had that thief lived, he would have done good works, not in order to be saved, but because he was saved already. And so you henceforth will serve God by a holy, active, christian life, not in order to make your peace with God, but because Christ is your peace; you will work from life, not for it; not for forgiveness, but because 'your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.'

The next week the captain came to one of our meetings, at which he voluntarily stated that, though he had seen many years in the world, he had only lived four days; gave a brief outline of the above conversation; stated that the Holy Spirit of God, who had long shown him his guilt, now assured his conscience that, through Christ's blood, it had all been washed away; that he dare no more question his acceptance with God and interest in his love, than his own existence. Much more that was interesting occurred, which the limits of this paper forbid me to write. He has for some time, amid much trial,

persevered in the ways of God; his faith and fortitude have been sorely tested, but the grace that sought and saved has kept him, and made his graces all the more brilliant for the ordeal through which he had passed. He is now a member of a Christian Church here, and is wielding a gracious influence in the service of the Saviour.

Dear reader, do you feel your guilt and ruin? that sin is a heavy burden? Thank God there is good hope of you. Don't begin by trying, but trust Christ at once. Don't say, In a little time I'll be better fitted to trust. No you won't. Never such a favorable time for conversion as now. No promise of the gospel extends till tomorrow. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Close with Christ now, and eternal life is yours.

The Honolulu Chaplaincy.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.

Forty years ago, (May 1st, 1833,) the Rev. JOHN DIELL first landed in Honolulu, as Seamen's chaplain. He had sailed from New London with his wife and a company of missionaries on the 20th of November, 1832.

News has just reached the islands respecting the death of the venerable Captain RICE, of New London, who commanded the *Monitor*, which brought out that company of missionaries with Mr. and Mrs. DIELL.

As I glance an eye backward through the long period, and review the many changes which have occurred, I am impressed with the work which has been accomplished in this part of the world through the agency of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. It certainly has been no small undertaking to keep the Bethel flag waving for the period of forty years in this central part

of the great Pacific. Thousands of vessels, and tens, and, I may almost add, hundreds of thousands of seamen have resorted hither. From 1833 to 1873, I do not suppose but very few Sabbaths have passed where efforts have not been made, to preach the gospel under the auspices of the Bethel flag. I positively know such has been the case ever since my own labors commenced, on the 19th of October, 1843, or more than thirty years ago. I would not refer boastingly to this subject, because I feel that it has not been merely the work of man, but it has been the Divine agency which God has employed to make known his glorious gospel among seamen and all others who visited the chapel.

Last evening (April 30th) was held our usual Wednesday evening prayer-meeting at the Bethel. Among those present was Mr. Arundell, an English gentleman, who is connected with the mercantile house of Holder, Brothers & Co., ship agents and owners, of London, engaged in the Australian trade. He spoke very feelingly of the privilege of meeting with the people of God in the Bethel. For nearly eighteen months he has been engaged making arrangements for shipping Guano from Starbuck and Caroline Islands, in the South Pacific. Honolulu is one of the centres from which they *work* those islands. Hither they come for laborers and supplies. Mr. Thrum, formerly the keeper of our Sailors' Home, in Honolulu, is now the superintendent of Caroline Island. Mr. Arundell spoke very feelingly too of Mr. Thrum's efforts to do good among the laborers. It is pleasant to reflect that our Bethel church has a *missionary* in that distant part of the Pacific. Respecting Starbuck Island, I copy, as follows, from the FRIEND of May 1st:

A sailor attached to the *George Thompson*, which left Honolulu a few months since, thus writes from Starbuck Island, in the month of October, 1873: "I think they ought to have called this the island of Desolation; it is indeed a desolate re-

gion. It puts me in mind of a vast flat iceberg. The coral is all over it, ground to a fine powder, which looks much like sand. The Kanakas have to launch surf-boats over and through great monster seas and load the ships. The climate is beautiful and delightful. A nice breeze from the S. E., is always blowing. There are only five white men, and about 100 Kanakas. I went on shore with the captain and some of the crew last Sunday to the Bethel. Captain Brown read prayers and Mr. Arundell the service or sermon. We were kindly invited to dinner on shore. We are the only ship, of course, we feel rather lonely. We are all in good health, and have plenty of work to do. The guano is not at all a bad stuff to work. I would say more but time is short. I would thank you very much and so do all the crew of the British ship *George Thompson* for your kindness. We miss the Reading Room much. Wherever I go I fancy I hear that sweet melodious voice of a female singing—the one who sang in the Bethel at the morning service. I could sit for hours and hear her sweet voice. * * * * There is a Sailors' Reading Room where I live, [Southwold, Suffolk, England.] Perhaps, dear sir, you will be able to send them some papers. I am very selfish, but I cannot help it, as the FRIEND, is the master-piece of all the papers I ever read."

In Memoriam.

ELISHA W. CHESTER was born in Groton, Conn., in 1795, graduated at Middlebury College in 1818, and died in the city of New York, May 18th, 1873.

Soon after leaving College, he commenced his course as a student at Law. His early life, including the whole of his course of education, was an index of the maturity of his manhood, and the usefulness of his active years.

After being admitted to practice, he went to Georgia, and entered upon the duties of his chosen profession. There the strength of his principles and nerve were soon put to the test.

Messrs. Butler and Worcester, Missionaries of the American Board to the Indians, were imprisoned in the Penitentiary for claiming their rights as citi-

zens, and attempting to protect the Indians in rights guaranteed to them in repeated treaties by the United States. The wrongs already perpetrated on the Indians, and the grosser injustice threatened, and ultimately carried out, together with the indignities and duress of imprisonment inflicted on those Missionaries, constitute one of the blackest pages in American history. They summoned the young lawyer from his office to their private and public defence. A man of less moral courage would have quailed before Georgia officials, clothed in unrighteous authority, and who, evidently conscious of being in the wrong, were madly bent on practising it to the bitter end.

What, if in so doing, he sacrificed his business and professional standing in that community, he had the proud consciousness of having done his duty according to the principles of sound morality and law.

So also, after he removed to Cincinnati, and assumed the editorial charge of a weekly religious paper.

The intolerance and exactions of slavery were such as often demanded, and as often received at his hand, a stern defence of liberty of speech, and the freedom of the press. When Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy was shot and his press destroyed at Alton, Ill., by a pro-slavery mob, his pen and press at Cincinnati, issued the next outspoken and manly number of the *Alton Observer*.

And, again, in the city of New York, where he had the matter in charge of protecting seamen against the robbery and ruin of sailor-landlords, he showed the same moral courage and adhesion to christian duty. As a lawyer, he always repudiated the principle too commonly adopted in practice, that an attorney is bound to defend his client irrespective of all moral considerations, and always insisted that while defending his client according to law, if, by technical quibbles and tricks, he aids rascality to escape the penalty of law, he degrades his own

manhood, and disgraces his noble profession.

If society requires two kinds of men, the impulsive and daring, to storm the citadel of wrong, and plant the true flag, and also the cool and courageous to keep it there, Mr. CHESTER was of the latter class. On the side of right, as a christian and a man, he adhered to his principles and convictions of duty to the end.

His associates in business and christian work valued his sound judgment, his correct principles, and cordial cooperation, and now pay their humble tribute to the worth and usefulness of a good man.

J. S.

ACTION OF THE BOARD, MAY 28TH, 1873.

"The TRUSTEES would express their sense of bereavement in the death of Mr. E. W. CHESTER, May 18th, aged 78, who for many years has been associated with us in the management of the affairs of this Society.

Mr. CHESTER has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of SEAMEN, and has greatly assisted in public and christian endeavors in their behalf.

As one of its Trustees, he has rendered this Society invaluable service, by his wise counsel, and the diligence with which he has watched over its interests. His eminent legal knowledge has cheerfully been exercised to secure, at different times, important and essential legislation alike for the Society and for the cause entrusted to it, and we would gratefully acknowledge and record this fact of his past usefulness.

While we bow in submission to the Providence that has removed him from our councils, we cannot but regard his death as a loss to be deplored. We would also be suitably admonished thereby of our own mortality, and stimulated to increased faithfulness in the particular sphere assigned us in the cause of humanity and religion.

Ordered that a copy of this minute be transmitted to the family of Mr. CHESTER."

REV. ISAAC FERRIS, D. D.

Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., Chancellor Emeritus of the College of the City of New York, died June 17th, at Roselle, N. J., where he has resided for the past three years, having attained the advanced age of seventy five years. Dr. Ferris was a native of New York, and a graduate with high honors of Columbia College, being a student at that institution during the memorable war of 1812, on which occasion he took part with his fellow-students in the formation of a military company. He was educated for the ministry, and was for several years the pastor of a church in New Brunswick, N. J., probably his first charge, and afterward pastor of the Middle Dutch Church in Albany, and later chosen to fill a vacancy in the Market Street Dutch Church, in this City. In the year 1853 he was invited to become Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, which position he held for seventeen years, and for the past three years that of Chancellor Emeritus. He was for many years a Trustee of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and at the time of his death one of its honored Vice-Presidents. He was for a long while President of the New York Sunday-school Union and an earnest and zealous worker in the cause of charity and Christianity.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth conjoin to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

"Do They care for the Libraries?"

Sometimes this question is asked in respect to the interest which sailors have in the Loan Libraries sent out by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Two recent occurrences contribute an answer.

Two thirds of the library which had been placed on the bark *Mary M. Bird* was brought into our Rooms, June 6th.

1873—the covers and edges of a number of the books burned and charred. The library was in the cabin when the bark lay at Rio de Janeiro, S. A. A lighted lamp was overturned, and the whole interior of the cabin was soon in flames. Saving, at the peril of their lives, what they could, the sailors were able to get out about two-thirds of the library books—the rest they could not, nor the case, which was fastened to the cabin's side. That was salvation from fire. Here is a recent case of redemption from water.

In the darkness, on the morning of June 2nd, 1873, the Canadian bark *Curacoa*, from Curacoa for New York, lay at anchor in Swash Channel off the southwest Spit at Sandy Hook—as it turned out, right in the track of the incoming French steamship *Ville du Havre*, from Europe for this port, with library 4,420, (contributed by Mrs. T. P. Handy, of Cleveland, Ohio), on board. The steamer struck the *Curacoa* on her starboard bow, and cut her to the water line, sinking her so quickly, that the passengers and crew only saved their lives in the boats. The coast wrecking Company at once sent, from this city, a schooner, with boilers, pumps, diving apparatus, etc., together with a tug-boat, and one of the first things which the divers brought up from the cabin was the submerged library. In less than forty-eight hours from the time of its sudden bath, it was in our Rooms, and the soaked volumes were in process of drying, to save all that could be preserved.

Note.

In the article in the April MAGAZINE, relating to "the Commercial Navies of the world," it should have been stated, that the figures given, embraced only deep sea vessels.

The last U. S. Census tables put the sailing vessels (all kinds) of this country at 24,867.—ED.

Ecclesiastical Action.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, IN SESSION AT BALTIMORE,
MAY, 1873.

The Assembly desires to call the attention of the churches under our care to the fact that 3,000,000 of their fellow-men are said to be SEAMEN doing business on the great waters, and, therefore, in a great measure, deprived of the means of grace; that this people are not readily reached by the efforts of the Church to give the gospel to the destitute, and so strong is the claim of these sailors upon our Christian sympathies and aid, that we commend to the churches to seek their salvation through the agency of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which has long been faithfully laboring, and with great success, in this important department of Christian work.

HOWARD CROSBY,

Moderator.

E. F. HATFIELD,

Stated Clerk.

Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and eighty-two arrivals during the month of May. These deposited with him \$2,473, of which sum \$778 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$440 were placed in the Savings Bank, the balance being returned to the depositors.

In the same time twenty men went to sea from the HOME without advance, and four were sent to the hospital.

The Boarding-house-keepers Association has recently set itself against the HOME, which is complimentary rather

than otherwise. If this is continued and violent it will induce the adoption of a self-protecting policy, not anticipated. At all events, the sailor shall not be the loser.

Position of the Principal Planets for
July, 1873.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 13th, at which time it sets at 8h. 48m., and $20^{\circ} 19'$ north of west; is at its greatest elongation east on the morning of the 16th at 3h. 38m., being then $26^{\circ} 45'$ from the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 26th, at 3h. 7m., being $8^{\circ} 19'$ south; is stationary among the stars on the forenoon of the 29th, at 8h. 26m., being then 9h. 55m. right ascension and $8^{\circ} 57'$ north declination.

VENUS is a morning star; is at its greatest elongation west on the afternoon of the 14th, at 3h. 12m., being then $45^{\circ} 44'$ from the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 20th, at 8h. 2m., being $5^{\circ} 8'$ south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 16m., being then $13^{\circ} 20'$ south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 4th, at 9h. 55m., being $3^{\circ} 31'$ south.

JUPITER is an evening star, crossing the meridian on the 1st, about 3h. 22m. after the Sun, being then $12^{\circ} 47'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 26th, at 6h. 47m., being $4^{\circ} 14'$ south.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 1h. 35m., being then $20^{\circ} 16'$ south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 10th, at 7h. 57m., being $4^{\circ} 27'$ north; is in opposition to the Sun on the 22nd, at 13m. past midnight, at which time it is at its greatest brilliancy.

R. H. B.

N. Y. University.

Total Disasters in May, 1873.

The total number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 16, of which 6 were wrecked, 3 abandoned, 3 foundered, and 4 are missing. They are classed as follows: 1 steamer, 2 ships, 4 barks, 3 brigs, and 6 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$380,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w*, were wrecked, *a*, abandoned, *f*, foundered, and *m*, missing.

STEAMER.

Francis Wright, *f*, from New York for Wilmington.

SHIPS.

Tennyson, *f*, from Calcutta for Boston.

Whampoa, *w*, from Cardiff for Yokohama.

BARKS.

Topeka, *m*, from Wilmington for Halifax.

Blencathra, *a*, from Pensacola for Plymouth. E.

Olive, *a*, from Pensacola for Cardiff.

Modena, *a*, from Sierra Leone for Boston.

BRIGS.

Harriet, *w*, from Guadaloupe for Matanzas.

Aglaia, *w*, from Porto Bello for New York.

Samoljot, *m*, from Philadelphia for Nisita.

SCHOONERS.

Edward, *w*, from Ellsworth for Providence.

J. B. Myers, *w*, from Bangor for Portsmouth.

Toy, *w*, from Wilmington for Masonboro, N. O.

A. & M. Gamage, *m*, from Portland for Mobile.

Wm. Frazier, *f*, from Baltimore for Norfolk.

Wm. J. Dale, *m*, from Bay of Is., N. F. for Gloucester.

Receipts for May, 1873.

MAINE.

Augusta, Cong. church, of which \$20 for library.....	\$40 81
Damariscotta, Bap. church, for lib'y..	20 00
Yarmouth, 1st Cong. church, of which to const. Deborah N. Soule, L. M., \$30	40 50

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. ch., additional.....	4 00
Nashua, Olm Street church, one lib'y.	35 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Agawam, 1st Cong. church.....	13 85
Amesbury and Salisbury Mills Village, in full, to const. Rev. P. Beys L. M.	10 20
Barre, Mrs. Arnold Adams.....	5 00
Beverly, Cong. S. S., \$20 for library....	30 00

Boston, Mt. Vernon church.....	181 04
Union church.....	9 18
Cambridge, North Ave. church, for library.....	21 33
Dalton, Cong. church.....	22 00
Dunstable, Benijah Parker, to const. Mrs. Levi Lawrence, L. M.....	44 00
East Longmeadow, Cong. church.....	18 00
East Marshfield, Cong. church.....	17 07
Foxboro, Cong. church and Society...	70 60
Franklin, 1st Cong. church, Rev. Luther Keene, L. M.....	30 66
Harvard, Cong. church.....	8 10
Hopkinton, Cong. S. S.....	53 28
Littleton, Cong. church.....	19 40
Lowell, Dr. S. L. Ward, S. S. class for library.....	20 24
Ludlow, Cong. church, for library.....	15 00
Monson, Cong. church.....	25 00
Newbury, 1st church and S. S.....	21 72
Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Society, to const. W. O. Evans, L. M.....	30 00
Newton Centre, Society.....	16 35
Plymouth, Wm. R. Dien, for library..	15 00
Scotland, Rev. Mr. Duncan.....	5 00
South Hadley Falls, Rev. Mr. Fisher..	31 40
South Weymouth, 2nd Cong. church—Loring Pratt, L. M.....	30 00
Union church and Society.....	15 00
South Wilbraham, Cong. church.....	15 25
Townsend, Cong. church \$5, Rev. Mr. Morss.....	22 29
M. E. church.....	3 10
Uxbridge, S. S., for library.....	20 00
West Chesterfield, Richard Clark.....	5 00
Westfield, 1st Cong. church.....	72 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, 1st Cong. S. S., for library....	20 00
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CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, S. M. Middlebrook, lib'y..	25 00
Enfield, Caroline Lusk.....	10 00
Essex, Cong. church, L. M., in part...	18 50
Kent, " ".....	25 78
Lisbon, " ".....	7 50
North Cornwall, 2nd Cong. church....	21 00
Norwalk, W. S. Lockwood, for lib's...	40 00
Rockville, 2nd Cong. church.....	28 25
South Cornwall, Cong. church.....	2 21
South Windsor, 2nd Cong. church.....	24 20
Stonington, Mrs. Jerusha Pomeroy...	5 00
Waterbury, 2nd Cong. church.....	100 55
Westport, Saugatuck Cong. church...	23 57
West Suffield, Cong. church.....	7 60
Whitneyville, Cong. church, of which \$30 to const. Chas. P. Augur, L. M.	36 67

NEW YORK.

Bridgewater, Cong. church.....	4 46
Brooklyn, Mrs. Lucretia G. Hustace, for library.....	20 00
Buffalo, Sidney Shepard.....	100 00
H. H. Hall.....	25 00
Camden, S. S., Cong. church, for lib'y.	20 00
Coxsackie, 1st Ref. church.....	5 65
Fayetteville, Bap. church.....	11 20
Flushing, Williams Miss. Asso'n., 1st Cong. church, S. S., add'l, for lib'y	1 50
Geneva, Mrs. M. P. Squier.....	5 00
Greece, Bap. church.....	15 33
Madison, Bap. church.....	7 39
M. E. church.....	5 16
Meridian, T. K. Townsend.....	5 00
New York, Captain John Hibbert, bark Kate Crosby.....	5 00
C. H. Dabney.....	50 00
Mrs. Dabney, for libraries.....	50 00
Capt. Geo. Chester, brig Ceres,.....	2 00
Miniature Bethel church.....	6 75

Wheeler & Wilson.....	46 00
14th Street Pres. church, of which	
F. A. Ferris, to const. Mrs. Frank	
A. Ferris, L. M., \$30, A. C. Arm-	
strong, for library \$15.....	85 83
W. F. Dominick.....	10 00
Edwin F. Brown.....	10 00
F. Hathaway.....	10 00
B. F. Watson.....	10 00
Mrs. Hannah Ireland.....	50 00
Gerard Beekman, L. M.....	30 00
Samuel Wetmore.....	10 00
Charles H. Rogers.....	50 00
J. A. Roosevelt.....	100 00
Mrs. A. D. Wilson, for library.....	15 00
Mrs. R. Burkhalter, for library.....	15 00
Robert Gordon.....	25 00
L. M. Quimby (gold \$1).....	1 18
Cash.....	25 00
W. H. Dikeman.....	5 00
Geo. C. Robinson.....	5 00
Wm. H. Parsons & Bro.....	25 00
Anne A. Morss.....	40 00
Dr. A. S. Ball.....	5 00
C. L.....	5 00
W. H. Fogg.....	25 00
John K. Myers.....	25 00
R. Poillon.....	10 00
Joseph W. Alsop.....	10 00
Mason Thomson.....	5 00
Brooks Bros.....	10 00
N. Carlile.....	10 00
Capt. N. Briggs.....	25 00
James Demarest.....	5 00
Mary Bronson, for Genoa.....	50 00
Chas. A. Macy.....	5 00
Capt. C. B. Dickman, bark <i>St. Ursula</i>	1 00
Edward Auld, Mate.....	1 00
S. S., Central Pres. church, Miss	
White's class, for library.....	20 00
Capt. Geo. H. Oakes, schr. <i>Joseph</i>	
<i>Oakes</i>	2 00
Smyrna. M. E. church.....	9 54
Cong. church, in part, for library...	10 00
Bapt. church.....	2 65
H. S. Dunham.....	3 25
Tarrytown, 1st Ref. church, of which	
\$20 for the Rockwell library, also,	
\$20 from Leroy and Gordon Brown,	
for library.....	97 24
Webster, Bap. church.....	7 59
Pres. church.....	12 76
M. E. church.....	8 95
West Bloomfield, Cong. church.....	12 56
Mrs. B. P. Hall, to const. self, L. M.	
West Webster, M. E. church.....	8 17
Cash.....	65
West Winfield, S. S., Bap. church, for	
library.....	20 00
S. S., M. E. church, for lib'y, in part	
Cong. church, for library, in part...	11 00
	15 50

NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Park, Peter Cortelyou, to	
const. Benj. Band, L. M.....	30 00
Orange, 1st Pres. church.....	78 00
Paterson, 1st Pres. church, of which	
Dr. J. M. Stevenson, \$20 for lib'y..	100 00
2nd Pres. church.....	20 17
Trenton, 3rd Pres. church, of which,	
for library \$20, J. G. Breasley, \$20 ..	94 45

PENNSYLVANIA.

Easton, S. S., 1st Pres. church, for lib's	40 00
Scranton, J. H. Phelps.....	25 00

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, H. C. Trumbull, Auburn,	
for library.....	20 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. J. V. Mahon, for	
the Daniel D. Boas library.....	20 00

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, 1st Cong. church.....	116 90
Mariners' church.....	812 75
Union Insurance Co.....	50 00
Oregon S. S. Co.....	50 00
Merchants' Nautical Marine Ins. Co.	25 00
California Insurance Co.....	25 00
Richard Patrick & Co.....	25 00
J. Friedlander.....	25 00
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Goddard & Co.....	25 00
Flint, Peabody & Co.....	25 00
Thos. H. Selby & Co.....	25 00
Falkner, Bell & Co.....	25 00
Williams, Blanchard & Co.....	25 00
Cash (W. C. R.).....	25 00
Balfour, Guthrie & Co.....	25 00
Chas. Goodall.....	25 00
Risdon Iron Works.....	25 00
1st Pres. church.....	21 35
W. F. Whitten.....	20 00
Parrott & Co.....	20 00
Wain & Winchester.....	20 00
Tubbs & Co.....	20 00
Pope & Talbot.....	20 00
C. A. Low & Co.....	20 00
J. C. Merrill & Co.....	20 00
Dickson, Dewolf & Co.....	20 00
N. C. Hawley & Co.....	20 00
Jabez Howe.....	20 00
Macoudray & Co.....	20 00
Redington, Hostetter & Co.....	20 00
Platt & Newton.....	20 00
Jacob Underhill.....	10 00
L. L. Baker.....	10 00
A. B. Forbes.....	10 00
C. J. Janson.....	10 00
Cash \$10, do. \$5.....	15 00
Rev. F. Buel.....	10 00
C. G. Hooker.....	10 00
F. H. Woods.....	10 00
W. H. Stowell.....	10 00
Ross, Dempster & Co.....	10 00
Armes & Dollar.....	10 00
J. K. Prior.....	5 00
Mrs. A. R. Ritchie.....	5 00
J. D. Arthur.....	5 00
W. A. Bray.....	5 00
W. Pickering.....	5 00
W. F. Babcock.....	5 00
A. P. Flint.....	5 00
J. Everding.....	5 00
S. L. Jones.....	5 00
C. E. Sinclair.....	5 00
J. Archibald.....	5 00
Isaac E. Davis.....	5 00
Healdsburg, Pres. church.....	13 45
Mendocino, Pres. church.....	108 50
Oakland, 1st Cong. church.....	67 25
2nd Cong. Church.....	12 35
1st Pres. church.....	28 05
Independent Pres. church.....	30 00
Petaluma, Cong. church.....	21 00
Redwood, Cong. church.....	37 00
San Jose, Pres. church.....	20 00
Stockton, Union Meeting.....	42 65

Total..... \$5,452 38



LIBRARY REPORTS.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
4043.	S. S., Abbott Village, Andover, Mass...	Schr. Orient.....	Grand Banks.....	12
4045.	S. S., Cong. ch., Augusta, Me.....	Brig I. B. Brown.....	West Indies.....	8
4048.	Kirk Street S. S., Lowell, Mass.....	Bark Mercury.....	Indian Ocean.....	30
4052.	S. S., Cong. ch., Bristol, R. I.....	Bark Nonnupha.....	Europe.....	18
4053.	North Ave. ch., Cambridge, Mass.....	Steamer Palestine.....	Liverpool.....	58
4054.	Westville S. S., Taunton, Mass.....	Bark Laponto.....	South America.....	12
4055.	Olive Street ch., Nashua, N. H.....	Schr. Black Warrior.....	Coasting.....	10
4058.	Dane Street S. S., Beverly, Mass.....	Bark J. H. Boyd.....	Baltimore.....	8
4059.	W. R. Drew, Plymouth, Mass.....	Schr. Emeline.....	West Indies.....	12
4060.	Rev. Asa Mann, Ware, Mass.....	Bark "Captain Dan".....	Montevideo, S. A.....	7
4521.	Mrs E. A. Hannah, Caledonia, N. Y.....	Ship Eliza Everett.....	Europe.....	17
4522.	Capt. Richard Luce, New York City...	Ship Dauntless.....	San Francisco.....	24
4523.	S. S., 1st Bap. ch., New London, Conn..	Bark Gladstone.....	Montevideo, S. A.....	10
4524.	S. S., Pres. ch., Caledonia, N. Y.....	Bark Kate Crosby.....	Hamburg.....	15
4525.	W. C. Marvin, Norwalk, Conn.....	Ship Lillie Soulard.....	Lisbon.....	16
4526.	S. S., Pres. ch., Wolcott, N. Y.....	Ship Mary Whitridge.....	Shanghai.....	21
4527.	S. S., Cong. ch., West Hartford, Conn..	Pilot Boat "Isaac Webb".....	New York Harbor.....	13
4528.	S. S., 1st Pres. ch., Orange, N. J.....	Ship Endeavor.....	Yokohama.....	24
4529.	".....	Bark Hattie M.....	Antwerp.....	13
4530.	S. S., 3rd Pres. ch., Trenton, N. J.....	Ship Ryerson.....	Europe.....	18
4531.	S. S., 1st Cong. ch., Northampton, Mass.	Bark E. H. Duvall.....	Antwerp.....	14
4532.	S. S., Cong. ch., South Meriden, Conn..	Ship St. Charles.....	San Francisco.....	24
4533.	Miss Lillie White's S. S. class, Central Pres. ch., New York.....	Ship Frolic.....	Callao, S. A.....	25
4534.	A. O. Wilcox's S. S. class, Cong. ch., Guilford, Conn.....	Ship Nimbus.....	Valparaiso, S. A.....	23
4535.	S. S., Bap. ch., Brockport, N. Y.....	Bark Ursula.....	Port Natal, Africa.....	10
4536.	S. S., M. E. ch., Canandaigua, N. Y.....	Ship Agnes.....	Europe.....	22
4537.	E. H. Ladd, New Providence, N. J.....	Bark Dauntless.....	Europe.....	10
4538.	H. C. Trumbull, Baltimore, Md.....	Ship Valparaiso.....	San Francisco.....	30
4539.	Dwight Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Huron.....	Buenos Ayres.....	13
4540.	S. S., Bap. ch., Central Square, N. Y.....	Ship Gamecock.....	Melbourne.....	28
4541.	S. S., Bap. ch., Syracuse, N. Y.....	Ship Mystic Bell.....	{ Buenos Ayres { and East Indies.....	30
4542.	Mrs R. P. Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Neptune.....	San Francisco.....	20
4543.	Miss Hester D. Millard, New Ham- burgh, N. Y.....	Ship Flying Eagle.....	Melbourne.....	38

The thirty-three Libraries refitted and reshipped were :

No. 705, on schr. *E. E. Potter*, for West Indies ; No. 1,825, on brig *D. W. Hennessey*, for West Indies ; No. 1,936, on brig *T. A. Darrell*, for Rosario ; No. 2,032, on schr. *Marion*, for Rosario ; No. 1,974, on brig *S. V. Nichols*, for West Indies ; No. 2,426, books read with interest, gone to West Indies, on brig *Memphis* ; No. 2,486, saved from the wreck of brig *A. Bradshaw* ; now on brig *Uncle Sam*, for Porto Rico ; No. 2,818, on steamer *J. Gibson*, for Wilmington ; No. 2,968, on brig *Nigret*, for Havana ; No. 3,008, on sloop *Whippoorwill*, for coastwise ; No. 3,244, on brig *F. Thompson*, for Gibraltar ; No. 3,441, on schr. *Whisper*, for Key West ; No. 3,527, on bark *G. De Zaldo*, for Matanzas ; No. 3,576, on brig *Ceres*, for Progresso ; No. 3,696, read and appreciated ; gone to Cienfuegos, on brig *Ennis* ; No. 3,638, on schr. *Cecile*, for Para ; No. 3,835, on bark *Harvest Moon*, for Trieste ; No. 3,875, on brig *S. Crowell*, for Porto Rico ; No. 3,907, books much read,—gone to Darien, on brig *M. C. Comery* ; No. 3,822, on brig *J. Williams*, for Windsor ; No. 4,132, been a voyage to China, read with interest, gone to Marseilles, on brig *Tarifa* ; No. 4,153, books read with profit ; gone to Brazos, on schr. *C. Woodhouse* ; No. 4,165, on brig *J. Kendall*, for Europe ; No. 4,194, gone to Buenos Ayres, on bark *Maggie* ; No. 4,223, on brig *M. Knowlton*, for Galveston ; No. 4,279, books were a source of interest and profit,—gone to Jacksonville, on schr. *J. Oakes*.

No. 3,238, returned from ship *Bengall*, has been very useful ; No. 3,390, returned in good condition, and gone to sea on schr. *Caroline Young* ; Nos. 3,493 and 3,777, went to sea on ship *Tennyson*, Capt. Graves, 23 men, for Madras and Calcutta.

On the homeward bound passage the ship was lost in a terrible storm and nearly all the crew perished.

No. 3,782, returned from the coast of Africa, books much read, sent to Reading Room, in Sailors' Home, Hanover Street, Boston ; No. 4,000, returned from the West Indies, and gone to sea on schr. *J. F. Allburger*, 7 men ; No. 4,021, returned from Cuba, in good condition, and gone to sea on schr. *Nellie S. Jarrel*, care of Captain's wife, 8 men.

The Alarm-Watch.

A lady who found it difficult to awake as early as she wished in the morning, purchased an alarm-watch. These watches are so contrived as to strike with a very loud, whirring noise, at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

The lady placed the watch at the head of the bed, and at the appointed time she found herself effectually roused by the long, rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt better all day for the early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm-watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard so long as it was promptly obeyed. But after a time the lady grew tired of early rising, and when she was awakened by the noisy monitor she merely turned herself, and slept again. In a few days the watch ceased to arouse her from her slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever, but she did not hear it, because she had acquired the habit of disobeying it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm-watch, she formed a wise resolution, that if she ever heard the sound again, she nevermore would allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we disobey its dictates, even in the most trifling particulars, or allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer the power to awaken us.

HOW A SMOKER GOT A HOME.

I began to chew at the age of twelve. It made me very sick, but I was determined to "fight it out on that line," and soon got so that I enjoyed my quid. A few years later I commenced smoking. The habit grew upon me till I was smoking a large portion of the time except when asleep. At length I united with the church. Very soon the question arose whether it was right for a professor of religion to indulge in such a filthy and disgusting habit as chewing tobacco, and I was not long in deciding that it was not, and abandoned it, though it cost me a severe struggle. For weeks after, I would involuntarily feel in the corners of my vest pocket for any little crumbs that might have lodged there, but I at last conquered. I still, however, enjoyed the segar.

Just at this time I met a friend who was studying for the ministry. I was puffing away at the segar as usual, when he looked up with a countenance that I shall never forget, and said, "brother H., it don't look well to see a member of the church smoking." "You are right," said I, and taking the segar from my mouth, threw it into the gutter. That was the last segar I ever smoked. I was emancipated from a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage.

I then commenced saving the money that I had been so long squandering for tobacco, and I will tell the boys what I did with it, and I think they will see that it is neither wise nor expedient to commence the expensive, demoralizing habit of smoking or chewing tobacco.

We had long lived in the city; but

the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life, from an annual visit to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. There were over two acres of land, with shade and fruit trees, a good garden, a fine view of Long Island Sound—near the academy, churches and schools. The segar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine.

I wish the boys, who are tempted to smoke could see how the children enjoy their home, as they watch the great steamers, and the vessels with their white sails, that course along the Sound.

Just before or after a storm, we hear very distinctly, the roar of old ocean. There is wonderful power and majesty in that distant sound. It is then that we think of the perils of the sea, and lift up our hearts to God for his protecting care of the sailors. Nor are the children less interested in the horse, cow and calf, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, &c. They enjoy their plays and sports on the green grass, which gives them health and happiness.

My smoking was moderate compared with that of many, only six segars a day at 6¼ cents each, equal to \$136.50 per annum, yet, in forty-one years, the saving, with interest, has been the handsome sum of \$33,601.42.

To say nothing of improved health, and freedom from nervous irritability, the subject is surely worthy of consideration in an economical point of view.

L. P. H.

Giving.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—
 What it can give so much 'tis worth;
 The ocean gives in many ways—
 Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays;
 So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
 When it stops giving, comes in death.
 Give, give, be always giving;
 Who gives not is not living.
 The more you give
 The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;
 Only by giving it is reaped.
 The body withers, and the mind,
 If pent in by a selfish rind,
 Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give
 self,
 Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
 Give, give, be always giving;
 Who gives not is not living.
 The more we give
 The more we live.

A Helping Hand.

One day, a Scotch nobleman bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent—

"Hie, mun, come here, and gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I *se gie ye half I get.*"

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling his

butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d'ye no' think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately.

"You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your dishonesty."

The boy now found out who it was that helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school, and provided for him at his own expense.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall-street and 189 Cherry-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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